

PENNSYLVANIA GERMAN SOCIETY HONDFULL FARSH:

EXPERIMENTS IN PENNSYLVANIA - GERMAN VERSE

HARK

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Pennsylvania German Society

En

Wondfull Färsh:

EXPERIMENTS IN PENNSYLVANIA-GERMAN VERSE,

WITH AN INTRODUCTION ON

THE CAPABILITY OF THE PENNSYLVANIA-GERMAN
FOR POETIC EXPRESSION.

BY

J. MAX HARK, D.D.

v. 10, pt. 8^h

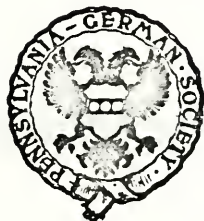


PUBLISHED BY THE SOCIETY.

1900

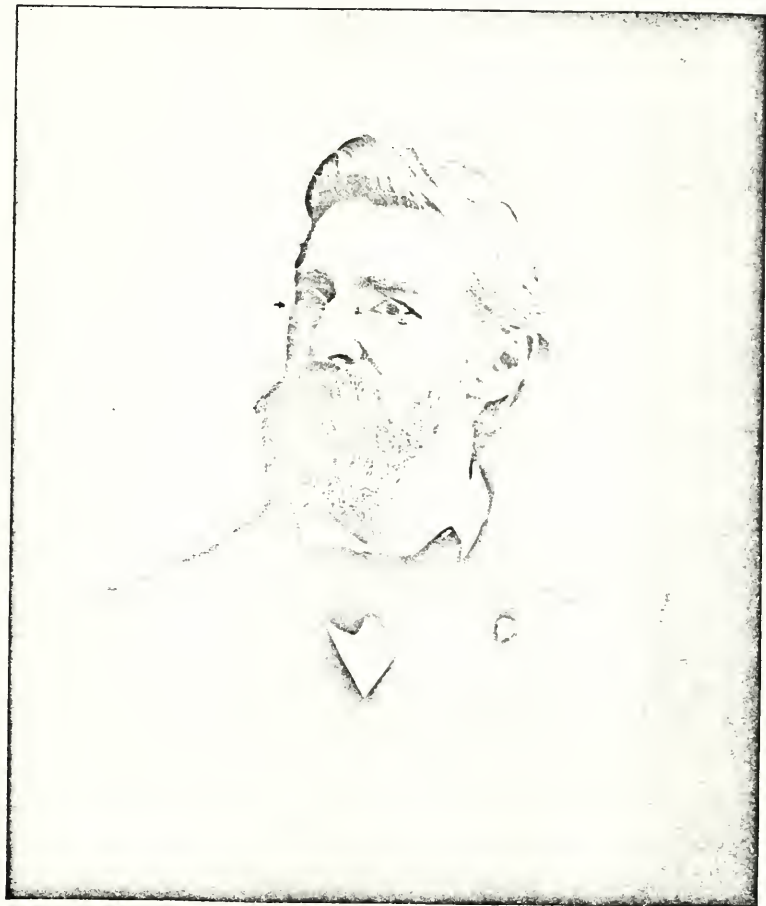
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Pennsylvania-German Literature



PUBLISHED BY THE SOCIETY

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J. May "Lark"



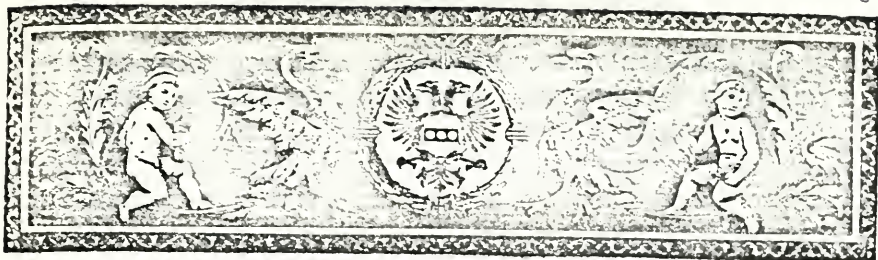
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PREFATORY NOTE.

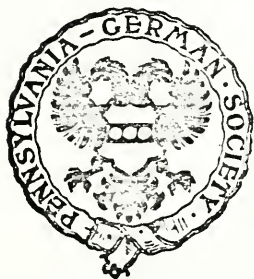


THE contents of this booklet were originally communicated to the Pennsylvania-German Society, at its Annual Meeting held at Ephrata, Pa., in October, of 1899. The substance of the address of the author on that occasion, on "The Capability of the Pennsylvania-German for Poetic Expression," in illustration of which a number of the poems were read, is given in the introductory essay. With one exception the poems have never been printed before. They appear here for the first time, and are published according to a special resolution of the Executive Committee, and as one of the official publications of the Pennsylvania-German Society.



INTRODUCTION.

THE CAPABILITY OF THE PENNSYLVANIA-GERMAN FOR POETIC EXPRESSION.



THE verses which follow were written at odd moments in an endeavor to show that the Pennsylvania-German as such is not incapable of poetic sentiment and of being stirred by poetic emotions, and that the dialect he habitually speaks is not inadequate to express those emotions and sentiments, nor to lend itself to

all the usual forms of versification, with all its requirements of metre, rhythm, and rhyme.

Until quite recent times the current conception of the Pennsylvania-German has been that he is a very commonplace, somewhat dull, slow and stolid plodder, albeit honest and thorough in all he does; a thorough materialist, concerned exclusively with material occupations for material ends. Thanks to the labors of the Pennsylvania-German Society this erroneous notion is being pretty well dissipated. His rightful place in the political, economic, social, educational and religious history of the state and

country, as well as in its agricultural development, is being more and more fully recognized. But even yet this recognition is only qualifiedly given, is very partial. Outside of religion and education his achievements have been mainly of a utilitarian character. It is implied, if not actually said, that he knows little or nothing of the world of higher thought and finer feeling. In other words, he is still considered as essentially less spiritual, coarser, and on a lower plane of being than the descendants of the early settlers of other nationalities than the German. At all events, to connect the deeper emotions of the heart, and finer sentiments of the soul, with the Pennsylvania-German as he is commonly thought of, is somewhat incongruous, and is apt to provoke an incredulous smile, if not a sneer.

Nor is it mere ill-nature, or altogether blind prejudice, on the part of our friends that denies us all poetic feeling and expression. There is some ground for it, and, in part at least, we have ourselves to blame for it.

First of all, what have we Pennsylvania-Germans done to disabuse the minds of our friends of their error? If we except most of the poetry of Harbaugh, the one or two little poems that Rondthaler wrote, and some of that of Lee Grumbine, with perhaps a few scattered verses by others, is it not true that all the metrical composition thus far produced in the Pennsylvania-German dialect has not been real poetry at all, but only attempts to arouse laughter at the expense either of the Pennsylvania-German himself or of the strange-sounding dialect? Sometimes the attempts have been genuinely humorous, oftener than not they have been coarse and in questionable taste. The same is true of too much of the newspaper-writing in the dialect. Nearly all that has been done, in prose or verse,

has been broadly humorous, with no attempt at anything else, no higher ambition or aim than to make the reader or hearer laugh. From this the world has formed its judgment of us and of our speech. Can we blame it for its verdict?

But, again, the Pennsylvania-German is not to be censured too severely for having confined himself thus almost exclusively to humor in his writings. Let us remember that he was from the beginning a hard worker. The early settlers and makers of this commonwealth were kept exceedingly busy in their struggle for bare existence. Their daily lives were full of hardships, disappointments, suffering, full of tragedy and pathos all the time. When they did have leisure to write, or even in their social converse, what they needed was not the recital of the same experiences and feelings which they were constantly having, but a change, diversion, amusement, something to take their minds off the too great seriousness of their life. They naturally, necessarily, turned to humor to lighten their lot.

As a matter of fact, the Pennsylvania-German is rather more serious habitually than those of most other nationalities. But it is a fact, too, that he is unusually undemonstrative. He certainly does not "carry his heart on his sleeve." He hides his deeper feelings. Admiration, enthusiasm, hope and fear, joy and grief, love, hate, aspiration and despair, all the most delicate sentiments born of the conjugal and filial relations—these are carefully repressed before the stranger, and the outsider is allowed to see no signs of them. Only in the sacredness of the home, the bosom of the family, or the inner circle of the most intimate companionship, is their manifestation ever permitted. But that they all exist there, as strong, and rich and full as in any human breast, he who has ever been privileged to enter

into the inner life of the Pennsylvania-German need not be told. I have myself witnessed scenes of the most touching tenderness, such as the stranger would be surprised at, when a son or daughter bade farewell to their childhood's home; of tragic sorrow at the grave of a child or wife; and of the most beautiful, heroically self-sacrificing devotion on the part of a husband for the wife of his bosom become a lifelong invalid. I know that, among the uncultured rustics as much as among the highly educated, their home-life is often characterized by habitual gentleness, words and deeds of thoughtful affection, loving consideration, and the display of all the finest sensibilities. The lover is as fond in his wooing, and as full of pure sentiment, as anywhere else in the world. The rough mountaineer has as keen and correct a sense of the beautiful in nature, and shows it in the selection of the site for his humble cabin, in his open admiration of the golden sunset, and in the cultivation of his little plot of flower garden, as though he had studied art all his lifetime. And why should this not be so? These are qualities that have been inherited from his German forefathers, just as much as his tireless industry and his sterling honesty. And are they not the elemental qualities that must enter into every poetic soul whatever else may be present or wanting there? Where they are found the capabilities of true poetry cannot be absent.

Nor will those who are at all acquainted with his folklore be inclined to deny him great imaginative power. This, too, however, he is not in the habit of exploiting in public. He reserves its display for his intimates, for those who know him well enough not to suspect him of being sentimental or weakly effeminate, the one thing of which he seems to be morbidly afraid. This alone goes far to account for the public's knowing so little of the Pennsylvania-German's poetic capabilities.

Finally, as has before been intimated, the early settlers and their immediate descendants were too busy,

“ Busy with hewing and building, with garden plot and with merestead,
Busy with breaking the glebe, and mowing the grass in the meadows,”

to have either time or inclination for writing poetry. And when in later years they did attain to a position which gave them more leisure, and they perhaps would have felt more disposed to court the muse, they found that their mother-tongue, the words in which they thought and spoke, was not a written language. And, moreover, if one did succeed in writing it, the number of those who could read it was discouragingly small. So that, if he would reach the real public, he must think and write in some other than the Pennsylvania-German tongue.

This is not saying by any means, however, that his dialect is lacking in richness of vocabulary, flexibility, or expressiveness. Let me not be so misunderstood. As a rule, dialects are if anything richer and more expressive than the languages from which they are derived; and the Pennsylvania-German is no exception to this. There is no reason why it should be. So far as that is concerned, it is fully the equal of the Yankee dialect which gave us Lowell's Biglow Papers, or the Negro patois of “ Uncle Remus ” and Paul Lawrence Dunbar, or the Hoosier dialect of James Whitcomb Riley. It is even richer than these, because it has freely drawn from the vocabularies of two languages, and not only from one as have these. But precisely in this, that it has appropriated and freely assimilated idioms and words from both the German and the English, lies the reason why it has found no place in the literature of either. The German cannot read it because of its English affiliations. The English finds it a

strange tongue because it is so largely composed of German. It is a foreign dialect to both alike. Its very fullness and richness, therefore, and not its poverty or meagreness, have been a main cause of its having found so few authors, and fewer poets, to use it for the expression of their thoughts and feelings. No poet wants to write for himself alone, least of all a Pennsylvania-German, who is nothing if not practical, whether in cultivating the arts or the earth.

Taking all these things into consideration, the conclusion I finally arrived at was that the Pennsylvania-German has inherited, from the same ancestry that has produced a Lessing, Goethe, Schiller, Heine, and Rückert, a temperament that is at least not in any sense unpoetic; but that the circumstances attending his emigration to this country, and settlement and development of this state, have caused him to refrain from any published expression of the same, have kept his muse timid and shy, and studiously hidden from public view.

To satisfy myself that this conclusion was correct, and that there is no inherent lack of capability for poetic expression in the Pennsylvania-German, I essayed the composition of the several poems that follow, on a variety of subjects and in a number of different kinds of versification. If occasional imperfections of rhyme are noticed, it must be remembered that the rules governing rhyme are not nearly as rigorous in German poetry as in English, especially the English of more recent years.

Unnich 'em Aldé Keshdè Bawm was written in a reminiscent mood, with a note of sadness running through it, and the echo of a childish romance suggested. The dialect lends itself readily to this style; it is smoothly rhythmical; and rhyme and metre are simple. The same is true

of the narrative verses of *An der Fair*, where the humorous element is uppermost, and however expressed, the description of subjective and objective events is at least true to nature. Description, coupled with religious feeling, are attempted in *En Herrnhodter Oshder Margé*, and religious meditation in *Der Aldé Kärch-hof uf 'em Bärg*. In a different style of verse and mood the tragically pathetic incident of *Der Shbohde Shool Boo* is related. *Fire!* describes an incident in a country village that will appeal to many.

The sonnet is a form of verse that perhaps more than any other tests the capabilities of the dialect, requiring, as it does, delicacy of touch and great flexibility of language. So far as I know it had never before been attempted in Pennsylvania-German, until I tried it in *Im Bush vann's Shnayd* and *Vann der Wind mohl ivver dee Shdubblé blohst*. *Unser Henny* tells how a country lad left home to go to the city, grew to manhood there, and, returning on a visit, tried to impress his former neighbors and companions with his superior city ways;—and also how the latter felt about it. Until Mr. Lee L. Grumbine's excellent poem on *Der Alt' Dengel Shtock* appeared, which it did after I had written *Dec Amshel*, I had never seen an attempt in the dialect of onomatopoeic verse. It also is a rather severe test of the capabilities of the language. A different metre was used for *Der Koo Shdohr*, which bases some moralizing remarks on the well known habit of the cow blackbird, or cow bunting, to lay its eggs in another bird's nest. The last poem of the collection *En Leychd* (A Funeral), is after the manner of the impressionistic school of art, somewhat vaguely allusive, and suggestive of a hidden tragedy. The snow and storm that prevail at the burial of the young girl are

but trifles compared with the storm of remorseful memories that arise in the breast of the young man as he witnesses the burial, and silently offers up a prayer for pardon for her sins and for his. The sentiment suggested the style of verse.

I must yet be permitted a word about the spelling of the dialect. I confess that I found this almost the most difficult part of the entire undertaking. Should I spell the words strictly phonetically? This I finally determined to do. But according to which, the German or the English sounds of the alphabet, should I do it? I found that the main difficulty was *not* to spell according to both promiscuously. This has been the mistake made by nearly all who have written in our dialect, with the result that they have made the reading of their writings doubly difficult. I discovered that there is an absolute lack of uniformity of spelling in most if not all Pennsylvania-German writings; and it impressed on me the crying need of some fixed standard of orthography. We ought to have it, and that right soon. I chose, arbitrarily I confess, to spell according to the English sounds of the letters, and have tried to be consistent in this throughout. In how far I have succeeded in this, as well as in showing that the Pennsylvania-German has some capability for poetic expression, must be left to the judgment of the reader. If I have at least opened a new field for study and endeavor, my experiment shall not have been altogether in vain.



UNNICH 'EM ALDÉ KESHDE-BAWM.



'SINNSHD Dich noch an den Keshdé-bawm
Drunné in der Vees?

Ich sayn en oftmohls van ich drawm,
Un reech sei Bleedé seess.

Vaysh'd noch vas mer fer G'shbass hen g'haddé
Vee mer als in der Grick

G'shbeeld hen, bohrfoos, in seim Shaddé? —
Sell vohr over lang tzurick!

Un vee mer als Moi-ebbel g'suchd hen, dort
Im Bish'l hinné droh',
Un Seesswartzel; un geblaudert alsfort
As vee tzway Fegel so froh?

Ehmohl awe hen mer'n Neshd'l g'funné,
Mit sex glay Meis'l drin;
Ich het see all grawd mit genummé;
Doo'shd ovver g'sawd 's'vehr en Sin'!

Doo vohrshd yoh awe seilayvé soh —
Vaysh'd noch sellé Shlong?
Vee ich see dohdt gemachd hab, noh
Vahrshd Doo ehrshd orndlich bong!

Grawd vee en Leychd so veiss hoshd' g'gooekt,
Un hoshd mich g'haldé fasht,
Bis mer uns unner'n Bawm hen g'huckt,
Dei Kup uf meiner Brusht.

Sell hut mich selver shèer bong g'macht;
My Härtz hut so geglubt
As Doo's g'feeld hushd; noh hushd Doo g'lacht; —
Un sell hut's, denk ich, g'shdubt!

Ennyhow hav ich sunshd nix may g'hehrd,
 As en Hummel an unsré Fees;
 'S'gebabbel fum Vasser hut uns net g'stehrd.
 'S'gepeiff fun der Lärch in der Vees,

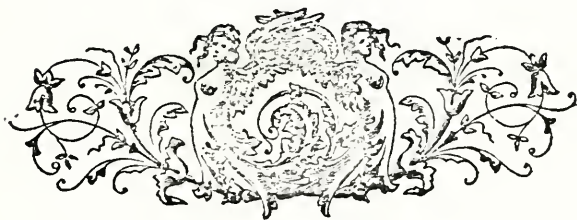
Un fum' e Badreesel im anneré Feld,
 Vohr'n dayl fum Sunneshei.—
 'S'vohr all so nadirlich in seller Veldt
 As kennd's nee annershd sei.

Vohr's värklich nix sunshd as en shayner Drawm,
 Dee Vees, dee Blummé, dee Lusht,
 Un der mechdich aldé Keshdé-bawm?—
 'S'Mayd'l uf meiner Brusht?

Ebmohls mayn ich 'svehr tzidderm nix vohr,
 Un alles dayd drawmé now.
 Dee ganz Veldt kummd mer so onnershd fohr,
 So abg'ferbd, un so shloh.

Dee Veesé sin net halver so gree',
 Der Himmel is nimmy so bloh';
 Dee Fegel, un Blummé, voo sin see all hee?—
 Un's Mayd'l is awe nimmy doh'!

Och, unnich dem aldé Keshdé-bawm,
 Vas vohr doch 's'Layvé so shay!
 Un now is es all vee en shlayfricher Drawm,
 O yea, is ken Uffvecké may?



AN DER FAIR.



AS der Tshake over heyd net so grossfeelich doot,
 In seim besht, neyé Sunndawg soot!
 'Sis veyl er dee Kate uf dee Fair nemmé vill,
 Im neyé Veggelché un em grohé Fill.

Dee Kate is noch ärger gebutzd as vee er.

Ich vays net vee's gor miglich vehr
 May Feddré un Blummé uf eer Hoot tzu doo;—
 Udder en shayneres Maydché tzu finné dertzu!

G'viss saynd mer net oft en shmärdguckichers Pawr
 As vee dess an dem Margé vohr
 Vee see in der Fair-grund nei g'fawré sin,—
 'Svohr Dунnershdawg Margé, so vee ich mich b'sinn.

Vas vohr over shun en Lot Menshé dort,
 Un en Tzuchd un Gegreish alsfort;—
 'Svohr'n Huckshder un Gämblér un allerhand Shows;—
 Mer het denké kenné der Deyvel vehr loh!

Dee Oxsé hen geblärd un dee Hawné gegrayd,
 Mer hut sheer net g'vist voo mer shdayd;
 Un noh kummd dee Band noch un shbeeld uf'm Shtand!
 'Swar'n ayvicher Lerm, over doch var's awe grand.

Tzu ershd huts dee Kate sheergawr bang gemacht;
 Der Tshake over hut yushd g'lacht.
 "Nemm Doo yushd mei Hand," secht der Jake; un noh
 Gayd's ab tzu sayné vas tzu sayné is doh.

En Sockful Grundniss värn g'kawfd for'n Shtärtdt,
 See sin vuhl ken finf Sent värtdt,
 An der Fair over guckt mer net uf dee Exshbense,
 Un der Jake feeld heyd awe so reych as en Brince.

See shtayné en veyl an der Shliffelmeel.

Fun dee Buhvé un dee Mayd sin feel
 Vas druf fawré; dee Kate ovver vill's net doo;
 See secht s'machd see dormlich, uns koshd noch dertzu.

Doch ivveraveyl grick'd der Tshake see so veyd—

Ennich Maydl wärd b'schwedst mit der Tzeydt—
 As see'n goot dutzend möhl mit em rum g'fawré is;
 Er hut see fasht g'haldé,—vaygem Dormel var's g'viss!

Nohch dem sin see gangé midenanner dee Kee

Tzu begucké, uns anneré Fee.
 Fun Shohf un fun Sey's nix abbardes tzu say';
 Dee Geyl sin recht goot; un dee Hinckel sin shay.

Dee Kate bleibt's lengsht beim'e Hammely shtay,—

See kann gar net fart derfun gay;
 See shtreichelt's un shwedtzt tzu'm; noh shemd see sich halb,
 Vee der Jake tzu'er secht er vud er vehr'n Kalb!

Een soot seller sheckiche Hengsht es maysht;

Er secht er vehr ayns fun dee grayshd
 In der Veldt;—un's var awe en mechdiches Deer,
 Tzu grohs un tzu shwehr fer feel Use mayn ich sheer.

Bei der Tzeyd now muss es bal' Middawg sei;

So gayné see in a Shtand nei
 Voo mer'n Oyshder-shdew grickt, mit Grackers un Grout,
 For'n Färdel;—uns shmockd'ne baydé yushd 'boud!

Naygshd bei for'm'e Tzeldt tshumpd en Hansvorshd rum.

Un's shbeeld a yung Weibsmensh dee Drum.
 See hen grossé Bilder uf's Tzeldt-duch gepaynd
 Fun vildé Grayduré, un vas mer dree saynd.

“Dort gayné mer nei,” secht der Tshake; un see sin.

Ovver frohg'en 'möhl vas see dort drin
 Hen g'sayné! Es macht en bis heyd noch als bays!
 “En ferdullde B'sheisserei's 'vas ich so ebbes hays!”

'Swar inderresand awe dee Races tzu say;

Vas kenné dee Drodder net gay!

Ebvohl as der Tshake maynd es vehr feel im Dräck,

Un awe net e'vennich im Driver sei Näck.

See shtayné so lang dort am Race-grund draus,

Es verd 'ne tzu shbohdt fer ins Haus

Nei tzu gay, voo dee Shdohr-saché sin, uns G'nay,

Un Gebeck, un dee Tshelly, un allerhand may,

As der Tshake secht am beshdé vehr doch net so goodt,—

'S'het ennyhow eem net so g'soodt,—

As es Brohd un der Butter as dee Kate selver macht,

Un fun vellem er g'shbeckt noch tzu essé fohr Nacht!

“Ovver's G'shbeckté is net immer's Havvé!” secht see.

Un er maynd as er het see noch nee

So gegliché s'vee now, vee see'n oh'geguckt hut

As dayd see en frohgé eb er see havvé vudt!

Es macht en sich dummlé tzu shtärdté fer Haym,

So's er g'shwind fun der Growd eveck kaym.

Es nemmd awe net lang sin see'm Veggelché dree,

Un safe uf em Vayg noch der Bushkill hee.

Sei Ohrm hut er sumhow now g'shlipt um see rum,

Un dee Kate is of kors net so dumm

Net tzu visse's er's doot veyl der Ohved is keel;

Un es gebt aym yoh awch en Ohrd saferes G'feel!

Uf eh'mohl noh hut er see g'busst as es gracht,

Un g'sawd, un hut loud dertzu g'lacht:

“Es Havvé kummt oft ohne's G'shbeckdé fer Mayd!”

“Des hav ich shun lang ovver g'shbeckt,” secht dee Kate!

Fer en lang Shdory kartz maché: fohr der naygshd Fair

Var dee Katy dee Mrs. Tshake Lehr!

Un der Tshake neckst see oft, un secht s'dood em layd

As er net an dee Fair may kann gay mit dee Mayd!

EN HERRNHODTER OHSHDER-MARGÉ.



CH hab en Drawm g'hadt fun Engel un Harfé un
G'sang,

Un fun Musick so shay as ich nee derfohr g'hehrd;
See's kummé gans leys darch dee shdillé Nachd-luft,
'S'vee's Shterné-licht falld un's Dunkel net
shdehrd.

Ich bin ufg'wacht noh'. 'S'vohr Ohshder-margé gans free,
So free 'shut kay Mensh noch, kay Foggel, sich g'reerd.

'S'hen dee Bosowné geblohsé veyd ab uf'm Shguare,
Fer dee Leyd fer dee Kärch uftzuvecké in Tzeyd.
Ich shday dann auch uf, un bin ferdich eb lang
Middem Kaffy un Kuché. Dee Kärch is net veyd,
Doch dummelt mer sich yushd so arg as mer kann,
Veil neemond vill shbohd sei,—abbardich net heyd.

Vee'ch dart huck in der Kärch, un's Singé fangd oh',
Un dee Orgel tzu shbeelé 's'vee en Shdimm fun der Hay,
Kummt's ehrlich mer fohr as vehr's vidder im Drawm,
As dayd ich now selver fum Dodt uffershday.
Es gebt mer en G'feel, deaf drunné im Härtz,
As vehr ich grawd reddy in der Himmel tzu gay!

Dree in der Kärch ovver bleyvé mer yushd e' glay Veyl;
D'noh gayd's uf der Kärch-hof nuf, middem Kohr
Fun Bosowné, vas Musick machd, forné eveck.
'S'gayd langsam der Berg nuf, un nei darch's grohs Dohr;
Noh' unnich dee mechdiché evergree' Baym;—
Im dishdere Licht kummt's mer showerlich fohr!

S'lang as ich layb hav ich neemohls so wunnerlich g'feeld.
Ich hab g'shbeerd in der luft as sich's Freeyohr shun raygt.
Dee Felder un Bish, vas mer Meylé-veyd saynd,



DRAWN BY ALICE BARBER STEINMETZ.

A MORAVIAN EASTER MORN.
COURTESY OF LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.

Hen g'guckt as vehr'n darchsichdich's Vayl drivver g'laygt;
Im Himmel sin noch en Bawr Shterne tzu say,
Ebwohl as fum Oshdé sich's Morgé-rohd shdreckt

Ivver dee Berge, un Nodiss soh gebt der gans Veldt
As dee Nacht is am End. Uf dee Grayver naygshd bei
Sin farviché Blummé hee g'shdreyd. In dee Baym
Rings rum, unnich vellé mer shdayé, doon glei
Feel Hunnerdé Feggel ufvecké mit G'sang
Soh loud 's'eb see visdé 's'misd Ohshdere sei.

Nohch dem's der Porrer en ernshdes Gebayt hut g'macht,
Vee dee Leyd un dee Feggel, mit Bosowné un'm Kohr,
En frayliches Leed duhn singé eer'm Gott,
As vee en B'veiss as dee Beevel is vohr,
Kummt's Sunné-licht ivver dee Bergé hell raus,
Un filld mit ney'm Layve vas dohdt vohr tzufohr.

'S'hut mer, vee g'sawd, en ganz märgvårdchs G'feel ohgebracht.
Ich hab g'maynd ich dayd sayne, so glawr 's'midtem Awg,
Dee Mudder 's'shunn lang uf'm Kärch-hof dart leyd,
Un Shveshder, un Freynde, un's glay Bayvy auch,—
S'hen mit uns g'sungé, un vee Engel geguckd,—
See layvé im Himmel im ayviché Dawg.



DER SHBOHDE SHOOL-BOO.



M Tshärley sei Mudder shdayd an der Fens for'm
Haus,

Un roofd alsfart eer Boo :

“Voo bleibd don der Tshärley? Dee Shool is
lengshd aus;

Bei der Tzeyd is er sunshd immer doh.”

Hee un tzurick gayd see, un rei un raus,

Un vays net vas tzu doo.

Deeveyl leyd der Tshärley im Black Rocker Domm, dodt shdill,
Om Buddem fum Deefe Loch.

Mer sin gongé schwimmé, ich, er un der Bill,—

Van ich droh' denk, es greyseld mich noch!—

Uf ehmohl greishd er,—un doo vas ich vill,

Er sinkd, un fersaufd mer doch.

Mer hen en uf en Board gelayg'd, un so

Gedrawgé bis ans Haus.

Sei Mudder dee saynd uns;—a Grish gebd see; noh

Falld see grawd um, un is shdill as en Maus.

Mer laygé en hee,—vas sunshd is tzu doo?—

Un gayné rooich noh naus.

Sell var fer färtzich Yohr. For'm saymé Haus

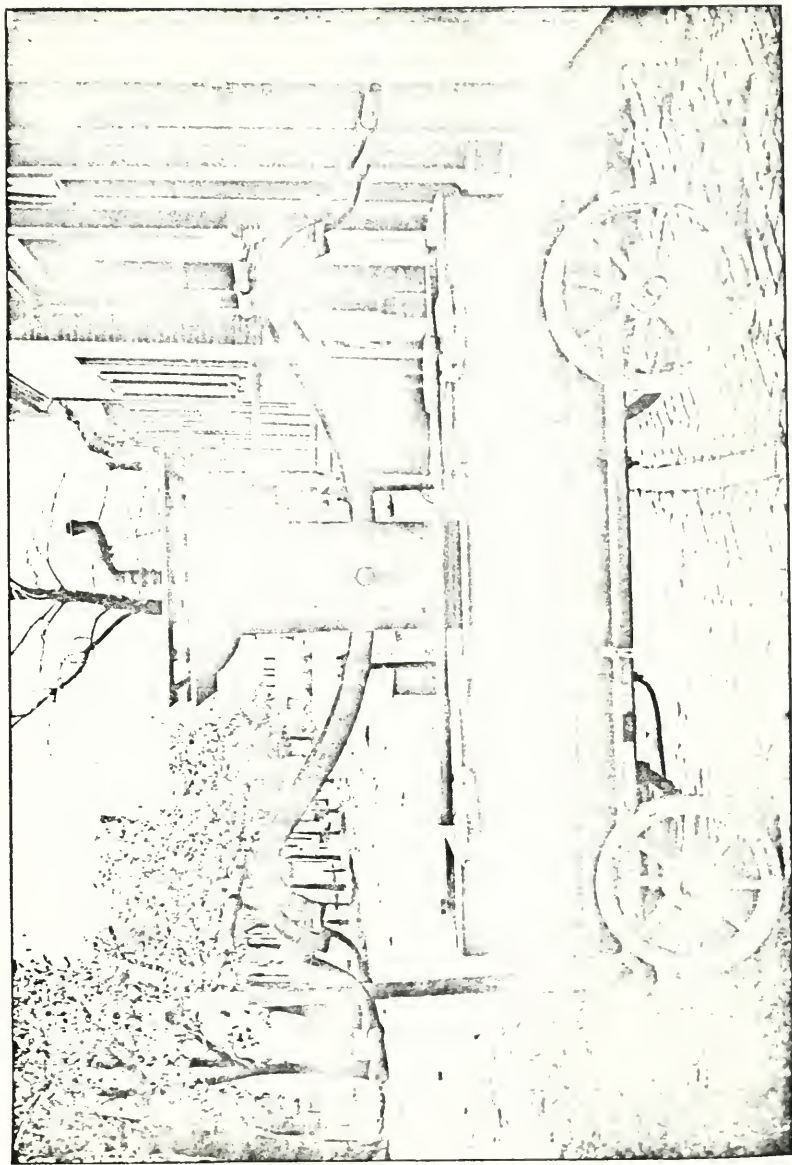
Roofd heyd noch dee Mudder eer Boo :

“Voo bleibd don der Tshärley? Dee Shool is lengshd aus;

Bei der Tzeyd is er sunshd immer doh.”

Hee un tzurick gayd see, un rei un raus,

Un vays net vas tzu doo.



FIRE!



'GANSÉ Town dood fasht shlohfé, un dee
Nacht is dodt-shdill.

Uf ehmohl hehrd mer vee'm Drawm en G'roof,
En färichderlichs G'roof; un fershreckd vachd
mer uf.

Veyd eveck greishd en Mann's Shdimm im'é hays'ré Gebrill.

'S'is Fire! S'is Fire! un vas Bay hut Shbringd naus,

En yayder vill ehrshd sei am Entshin Haus!

Now loud awe dee Kärch-bell!—'S'is en showerlich's G'feel!

Der gans Himmel guckd rohd noch der seed-oshdlich Seyd.

“Es Värtshaus brennd! S'kann yoh sunshd nix sei”—

“Nay, sell is es net! 'S'is dee Foundry naygshd bei!”

'Sin dee Veiblsleyd's so blaudré; 's'hen dee Mannsleyd kay
Tzeyd

See shlayfé un sheevé dee aldé Shbritz raus,

Un yawgé dermit darch dee Mainshdrohs naus;

Deevyl see all yohlé as see vehrn net recht g'sheyd.

'S'is en Sheyer's dort brennd in der Hullo'er Lane;

Un's nemmd net lang is dee Shbritz am Blatz.

See bumpé mit G'vald, doch falld's Wasser kartz.

Es muss ebbes voo letz sei.—Der Deyvel! Yushd sayn

E'mohl dart! Vas fayld em dumm Ding?

Der Buddem's raus g'shdärdst fun der aldé Machin!

Vas now is tzu doo is neemond gans blayn.

En Dayl hut's g'lechert; dee Mayshd hut's fertzärndt.

Der aynd blaymd der anner in Boové Shdyl.

See mowlé un howsé dee lengshdé Veyl!

Un bis see 's'lengshd dann dee Uhrsach hen g'lärnd

Is s'Fire aus un dee Sheyer ferbrennd!

Noh verd mit der Shbritz vidder Haym gerennt,—

Un fun sunshd nix may g'shwedzt bis dee naygshdé Ärndt!

IM BUSH VANN'S SHNAYD.



AS is doch alles soh rooich un shdill!

Mer hehrd ken Loudt net im gansé Bush hee,
 Net 'mohl es Gebeeb's fum'é glay Tshickadee,
 Kay Grabp, un kay Shquärl, mer harchd vee
 mer vill.

Ken Lifdel reerd sich; un s'gebd aym en G'feel
 As vann dee Veldt mit allmechdicher G'waldt
 Uf aymohl now sich der Ohdem haldt.

Noh kummd der Shnay! Ovver net in'mé G'veel;

Dee Flucké kummé vee Feddré soh leyhd,

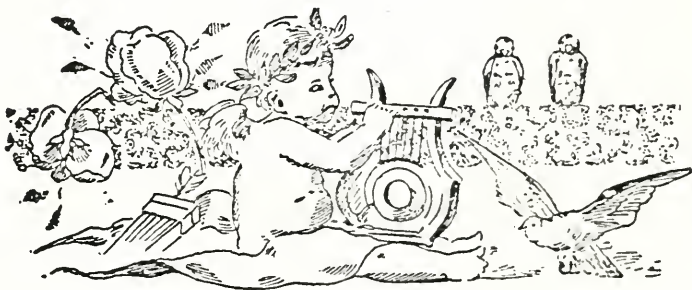
Un enseln tzuehrshd; ovver bal' im'é G'värr

'S'dee Luft dermit vimmeld. Dort druvvé now shleichd

En Nachd-eyl darch dee dick Luft, as eb's vähr

En G'shbook, soh veiss un soh shdill. Un im Shnay

Värd alles im Bush vee'n Geishder-veldt shay.



DER ALDÉ KÄRCH-HOF UF'M BÄRG.



CH vays ken Blotz in der gansé Veldt so shay,
 So rooich un shdill,
 Un voo ich so g'sädisyd feel
 As alles nix ausmachd, kay Druvvel, kay Vay,—
 As der aldé Kärch-hof uf'm Bärq.

Ich gleich tzu hucké dort, gans allay uf're Bonk,
 Mit neemond sunshd bei;
 Dann leichd mer dee Värklichkayd ei
 Fum Fadder im Himmel, uns Härtz is foll Donk,—
 In'm aldé Kärch-hof uf'm Bärq.

Sell is fer vas ich so gärn dort drovvé als bin
 Im dishderé Licht,
 In vellem mer Vohrhaydé sicht
 Un hehrd, so vee sunshd net tzu finné may sin
 As im aldé Kärch-hof uf'm Bärq.

Dart sheynd als unnich dee Baym noch's Ohved-rohd,
 Ebvohl as dee Sun
 Is g'sunké en langé Veyl shunn;—
 So vays ich 's'awe layvé dee 's'mer sawgé leyn dodt
 In'm aldé Kärch-hof uf'm Bärq.

So is awe alles; dart feel ich 's' is nix as net laybt;
 Dee Shterné un Moond
 As ayvich net shdoppé noch ruhn,—
 Der Vind, hut en Shdimm as aym Droschd ins Härtz gebt,—
 In'm aldé Kärch-hof uf'm Bärq.

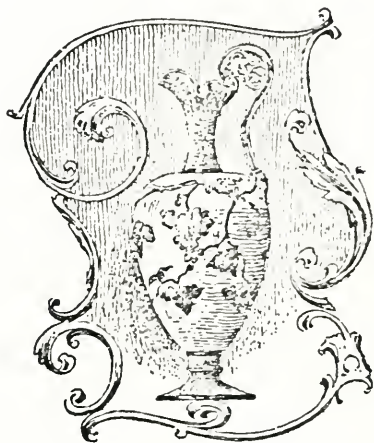
Dee Feggel singé mer wunnerlich' Saché als fohr;
 Der Keffer Gebrumm
 Hut Mayning,—vehr ich yushd net so dumm!

Dee Baym doon eer G'haymniss mir pishbré ins Ohr;—
In'm aldé Kärch-hof uf'm Bärq.

'S'dee saymé Shbrohch as dee Grayver dart awe shwedzé doon;
See sawgé uns all:

“Dei Tarn, leever Brooder, kummd ball!

Noh värshd Doo fershday vas mir lang wissé shunn,—
In'm aldé Kärch-hof uf'm Bärq.”



DEE AMSHEL.



EE Amshlé sin doh! Dee Amshlé sin doh!

Ich hab dee ehrshd g'hehrd heyd margé im
Bedt;

See hut g'sungé im Gawrdé as vehr see soh froh:

“Kumm awn! Kumm 'hedt!

Kumm awn! Kumm 'hedt!

'S' is dee haygshdé Tzeyd 's 'mer sich pa wré doodt,

Un suchd sich fer'n Neshd en Bawm as aym soodt!

Kumm awn! Kumm 'hedt!”

Ich glawb as see vidder bowé vell'n dart

Uf'm ald' Berné-bawm 's 'ich umg'hackd hedt

Dee naygshd' Voch, vehr's net fer eer Singé alsfart:

“Kumm awn! Kumm 'hedt!

Kumm awn! Kumm 'hedt!

Doh's der beshdé Bawm in der gansé Veldt

Fer'n Neshd; un ich glawb er is parbess här g'sdellt!

Kumm awn! Kumm 'hedt!”

Vas loud's doch soh shay im Margé gans free,—

En shenneré Musick winsh ich mer net,—

Vann see shwingd uf'm Gibbel un singd far sich hee:

“Kumm awn! Kumm 'hedt!

Kumm awn! Kumm 'hedt!

Fer vas leyshd un shlohfshtd vann dee Nacht 's ferbei?

Dee Veldt's yoh nee shenner 's im ehrshd Sunné-shei!

Kumm awn! Kumm 'hedt!”

Nix dood mer soh layd as vann see'm Shbohdyohr

Fart gayn, un mer saynd see der gans Winder net.

Over see doon's net meyndé, see singé 's tzufohr:

“Kumm awn! Kumm 'hedt!

Kumm awn! Kumm 'hedt!

In en anneres Land now missé mer gay';

Soh sawgd Färryvell un egshbeckt's Viddersay'!

Kumm awn! Kumm 'hedt!”

VANN DER WIND 'MOHL IVVER DEE SHTUBBLÉ
BLOHSDT.



AN der Wind mohl ivver dee Shtubblé blohst
Noh vase mer g'wiss iss der Summer ferbei.
'Siss en anderes Licht noh im Sunneshei.—
Un en anderes G'feel as im Hartz ufshdohst!
Vann dee Shwalvé ohveds um der Sharnsday
'rum

Doon tzärklé un tzwidrè, un dee Grickshel im Feldt,
Un dee Kadydids awe mit eehrem ayfeldich G'sheldt,
Mache 'n Tzuchdt,—noh sechdt mer als ebbes, "Now kumm",
'Siss Tzeydt s'Doo Dich ferdich machshd; s'Shbohdyohr iss doh;
'S'naygshd kummd der Winder, mit Shnay un mit Eis.
Hushdt Doo Aervedt tzu doo, donn mach Dich now droh,
Eb Dei Awgelichd fayld un Dei Hohr sinn gons veiss."
Dei Blichdt recht gedoo' iss der beshdé Drohshdt
Vann der Wind mohl ivver dei Shtubblé blohst.



UNSER HENNY.



OO hushd doch als " unser Henny " g'kennd,
Em aldé Tshon sei Boo?
En fedder, glayner, bawrfeessicher Kärll,
Vas als g'shbrungé is grawd vee en Koo.

Am Dawg hut er alsfart seim Dawdy sei Kee

In dee grawssiche Alleys g'heed;
Dee Milch hut em Tshon sei Fraw ferkawfd,—
Meer hen als unsry Milch dort g'reed.

Ivveraveyl hut der Henny awe's shoomaché g'lärnd,
Ovver's Harn-blohsé var'm feel leever!
En aldes B-flat Harn hut er g'haddé,
Uf dem hut er g'blohsé vee lenger vee leever.

Dem Tshon hut's ovver märkvärdich fertzärnd:
" Ich bin dei Gedoodel bal' satt!
Hush'd g'hehrd, ehleennicher Bull-tarry doo?
Vann d'net shaffé vid machshd dich fart!"

Bal' nohch selm is der Henny awe gongé,—
Den Summer vohr's finf Yohr;—
Un neemond hut nix may fun em g'hehrd,
Un neemond hut awe net g'vist voo er vohr.

Am letschdé Sammshdawg Ohved var's
As dee Staydge is g'fohré naus
Bis an em Tshon sei Shoomacher Shop,
Un dart tshumpd en finer Tshendleman raus.

Sell hut uns all vunnerfitzich g'machd;—
Vär kennend seller Tshendleman sei?
Der Tshon hut nix fun Koombany g'sawd.
Yushd vohrd! Ferleychd kummt er awe net rei.

Er goockd as vee en rechter Shbohrd;
 Mer sayn'd er kummt fun der Shdodt!
 En Shdovepipe hut er uf em Kup,
 So sheinich as vee der Porrer hut.

Grulliche Hohr, un en g'vicksder Musdache,
 Un en Halsdudch rohd un bloh;
 Hellé Hussé, un en schwartzer Ruck,
 Un be'gosh, er hut gaylé Henshing oh'!

En Shteckly hut er in ayner Hand,
 Un en Drävelling-bäg in der onner.
 Er goockd now shmehr, un no Mishdake!
 Un grawd in dee Shop-deer kummt er runner!

“Vell, Fawther,” sechd er tzum aldé Tshon;
 “Dontcher know your Harry yet?”
 Mit sellem raycht er eem dee Hand.—
 Ich glawb der Tshon ovver kennd en net.

Mid dem kummt dee Kärline in der Shop,
 Un sehnd den Shbohrd dort shtay.
 See gebd en Grish, un falld um sei Hals:
 “Ei Tshon, kennshd unser Henny net may?”

Bei der Tzeid bin ich un der Bill
 On der hinnere Deer naus g'shneekd.
 “Dunner-vedder” secht er tzu meer,
 “Voo hut der Henny den Shdyle her g'rickt?”

Noh sin mer nivver im Frank sei S'loon,
 Doch vohré mer net lang dort,
 Doh kummt der Hen mit seim Dawdy rei;—
 'S'nemmd uns ehrlich der Ohdem sheer fort!

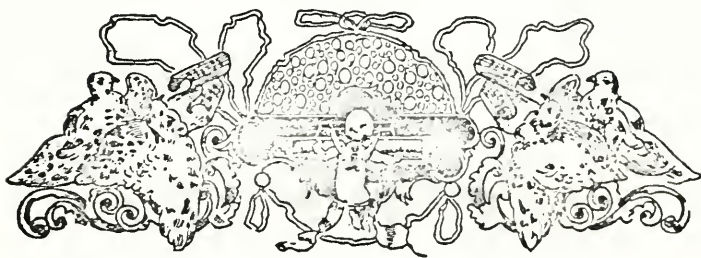
Ehrshd hut er recht gross-ohrdich rum g'goockt,
 As vehr er Millioné vehrd;
 Noh secht er: “Tshendlemen, I shtand dreet!”
 Un glei sin all unser Glessen ausg'lehrd.

'S'verd feel g'shwedsd noh, hee un tz'rick,
Ebvohl er's mayshdé doot.
Er brawldt gans mehdich, sell is shoor;—
Mer brauch yoh net glawvé may as em soot!

Er sawgd see haysen en all Brofesser,
Drunné in der Shdodt.
Er is an Leeder funneré Band;
Un verd betzawld defor, en lot.

“Brofesser Harry!” denk yushd mohl!
Er is an grosser Mann;
Mer Saynds em on dee Glayder oh'!
'S'b'weisd mohl vas en Mensh doo kann.

So hav ich uf em Haym-vayg g'sawd;
Der Bill ovver hut yushd g'lacht:
“'S'b'weisd as en Narr bleibd ayvich en Narr;
Dee Shdodt hut der Narr yushd närrisher g'macht!”



DER KOO-SHDOHR.



V'OHR als nix as mich ärger fertzärndt

In dee Yohré tzurick,

As em Koo-shdohr sei Drick.

Ich hab ovver tzidderm, Gott vays, feel
g'lärndt,

Un awe as der Koo-shdohr net meener kann sei
As en mancher Mensch, as soh unshuldich gookd as vee er,
As net bloogd un net sayd, ovver doch immer ärndt.

'Sis em Koo-shdohr sei Drick sell tzu doo.

Er bowd selver kay Neshd,

Ovver suchd sich yushd 's beshd

As Ann'ré gebowd hen, es machd nix aus voo,

Un laygd dart sei Oy nei as het er's beshd Recht.

All der Druvvel fer's ausbree'é, feedré, un ufbringé noh

Hut der Aygner fum Neshd,—un er grickd vennich Ruh!

Ovver's ärgshdé kummd vonn der yung Shdohr

Iss grohs värré un fett.

Dennoh shemmd er sich net

'Dee ann'ré glay Feggel tzu growdé, un gohr

Aus'm Neshd see tzu schmeissé, vee'n Reyver un Deeb.

'Es machd eem nix aus as see shdervé fun Hunger un Nohdt,—

Er iss dankbohr as er now hut may as tzufohr!

Kennshd net Leyd as yushd soh meen sin?

See doon nix uf der Veldt,

Un doch hen see may Geld

As meer as hardt shaffé fer'n glayner Gewinn.

See fowlensé yushd darch eer gans Layvé long,

Un doon grohsfeelich ägdé, 's eb alles fer see allay vehr;—

Doch hut Neemond kay Use fer soh Kärll as see sin,—

Un ich donk als mei'm Gott's ich so'n Koo-shdohr net bin!

EN LEYCHD.



ICK falldt der Shnay;
Aus der dunklè Hay
Blohsdt der Shdarm-wind middem 'é mehdiché
G'haus;

Un deef in meym Härtz
Is en bitterer Shmärtz:—
See begrawvé en Maydel uf em Kärchhof draus.

Fall shdärker, O Shnay!
Deck tzoo all dee Vay
Fun eer un fun meer mit deym veissé Gewind!
Blohs hädter, doo Shtarm!
Mach Dei ärgshder Lärm!
Ferdreyb in dee Ayyvichkaydt eer' un my Sind!

